

BELOVED STRANGER

What an experience it is
To have you for a son!
I marvel at your mind,
I marvel at the beauty that you find
In trees, in skies, in men.

Did I give birth to you?
Was it through me
You came into the world?
I do not even know you,
Son,—my son.

Beloved Stranger, then.
I pour the coffee
Thrilling to your grasp of truth,
Pass favorite cakes
In gratitude
For such a guest beneath our roof.

— Myra Scovel